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Two Years for 50 Cents

Last month we told you why it was necessary to increase the price of *The American Woman*. Increased cost of everything that goes into the manufacture of a magazine has revolutionized the magazine-publishing business.

Increased wages and shortening of working hours have kept pace with rising costs of paper and every kind of supplies. This is not a condition that confronts *The American Woman* alone. All publications have found it necessary to readjust their standards in the face of these unusual conditions.

The Zone Postal Law fixes a gradually increased scale of postage for several years to come, and therefore magazine-prices will in all probability go higher.

The American Woman will always be published at the lowest possible subscription-price consistent with our established standard for a woman's good household magazine. We will not cut down the quality of our publication, and so

The American Woman will be 35 cents after January 1, 1919

We did not want to advance the subscription-price of *The American Woman*. This move has been forced upon us by the changed conditions in the publishing business as explained above.

For two years your publishers have been bearing the increased cost without saying much about it. We hoped conditions would change for the better.

Now we learn from the paper-manufacturers that we must pay an increase of 33½% in the cost of our paper stock for the coming year. Still we do not ask you to bear even your proportionate share of this increase.

Last year we asked you to pay a slight increase of five cents. We hoped to stop there. This year we must ask for another five cents and must discontinue our special Club-Raisers' price after January 1. Be sure to read and take advantage of this

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.....1918

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Augusta, Maine

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The attached form of letter is for your convenience. If you do not wish to cut your magazine, write a letter like it.

Club-Raisers should be sure to read our announcement on page 20. Get subscriptions now, while the old rate holds good, and earn your premiums more easily and quickly than ever before.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN

Augusta, Maine

I explained to dad that this was all I had heard. "I thought it was just the way she talks when she's annoyed about something," I said, turning to meet the disapproval on Son's face.

Solly had never really admired Hilda's card prettiness, her defiant ways. Hilda, of course, was scarcely the type of the Little Maid of Astoria; neither was she ever shy. Nor, by the way, had she ever seemed to think very much of her former name.

Dad turned away, muttering something about "writing to those confounded people. I ought him to be writing to them."

"But, dad, what has happened? Where has she gone to?"

"Birkenshead, I suppose," retorted my father, with a short laugh that made me think that he must be joking.

CHAPTER V The Runaway

No job, as it turned out, but the sober truth.

From Trov-Avon station our rebellious Hilda had sent back a note (exceedingly signed, as usual) to the outside grounds where that she was off to Liverpool by the seven-o'clock express. She was going to "explain" to the Misses, her mother and what was her fault about sending that bracelet back, she couldn't bear it any longer. She was tired to the bone and they were expecting her. She couldn't help it; she had to. And she didn't "care who said what!" This was the message on which Hilda had had to sleep that night. Now, judging from what I have seen of the behavior of some present-day flappers, the meaning of Hilda may not strike you who read it as the epic that it was to us then. The verdict of some of the tolerant, indulgent home-critics of today might be merely:

"Just imagine the cheek of that kid! Defying her people who said she wasn't to go away at that hour! Flouting it all out! Cycling down to the station when she was supposed to be washing her hair! Borrowing her journey-money from her brother without saying what it was for! Writing to those people at the other end, and all. Pretty 'wain't it!"

They might take it that way. But I am at a loss for words to describe the magnitude of the excitement that shook the household. Mother, after Solly had gone, went like a source.

"I suppose I might have known. I might have guessed the child meant to do something outrageous. But how was I to know?" "You're so inquisitive," her mother would exclaim. "You spoil all the girls, you know you do!"

"Precious little spilling in the family after this," came gruffly from dad. "I imagined that any daughter of mine would have had more sense and better tact than to be so light-headed as to have put these people!"

"But," sobbed mother, "you know she had more than that. The girl was sent to school here because of the mountain air, and you said Hilda might go to Birkenshead as Christmas."

"My fault, of course. I've too much to think of as it is. I trusted to you, Anne, to see that the children don't make unexcusable friends."

"John! I made her send back the bracelet once! I was firm!"

"When it was too late. These precious nouveau-riche Slingers that she's gone blundering herself at the moment. Who really knows anything about 'em?"

"I do," piped up the voice of Prudence, bringing trouble to the conversation. "The family had patterned down from dad's dressing-room where she slept; and now, in her little blue-flamed dressing-gown, she entered the school room, and the living-room, taking up an inconspicuous position on a stool behind the fire-screen. Her small ears with the immense, red and pink, toothless mouth poured round the screen as she gave forth the gleaming of month, she was the only one to have met these Birkenshead!"

"Yes, never mind their house, we know all about that."

"Mr. Slinger is an awfully nice, kind old gentleman, rather like King Edward. I saw him once at Fred's in a tweed and impish coat and a pink hat; quite bald. He sits all day long writing checks for his sons. I heard him say so."

"How many sons has he got?" demanded my father, looking down distractedly upon his youngest boy.

"Two, daddy. Harry's at Eton. Vernon is the one that everybody likes, though. Vernon's going to manage the business, and he was very nice to me. He was so nice if he were only taller. He's just two inches taller than Hilda; they measured last Christmas under the mistletoe, and they were teased Vernon awfully; she told him

she never could possibly be engaged to anybody who wasn't six foot two."

"Where on earth did you hear all this?" stammered my father.

"Prudence said simply, 'I just picked it up, dad. And old father's a little devil fer—'"

"What?"

A glade from Jack was suppressed at a glare of dad's as Prudence explained:

"There's a little devil in Vernon's matches, that puts out its tongue for you to strike matches on."

Dad turned to the sofa.

"Prudence said simply, 'I just picked it up, dad. And old father's a little devil fer—'"

"Prudence answered for her:

"Yes, there's Mrs. Slinger, who is so fat and kind, just like a tea-cake!" She wears a huge blue made of Parma violets, and what Hilda was staying there, she and Evelyn Slinger hid it. Mrs. Slinger only laughed, she does so love little babies. Prudence picked on, wiggling her bare toes on the fourth-rail. "She would so like to have a dozen grandchild—"

"Why aren't you in bed?" dad interrupted violently swooping down upon her. "Do you all know that it is a quarter of eleven?"

"This was an hour of immoral lateness for Trov-Avon!" "Everybody ought to be in bed. If it was a car motor up to Birkenshead-to-night myself, but I couldn't

fer, and her blue serge, and her best hosiery!" Solly mumbled.

"You always see things in those odd, irrelevant details, my Gwen! Like a little reporter!"

"What do you mean?" I said, dothed.

"Why do you disapprove of details?"

"I—Disapprove? Of anything to do with you, darling?"

Solly again, I turned back to the violets; also to the subject of the runaway.

"Well, but she didn't even take anything for the night, Solly? I looked. And the bracelet was still on her hand that morn-

after all. And then dad, turning up in one of his worst tempers and being awful!"

"I—Disapprove? Of anything to do with you, darling?"

"But," I sighed, "it'll be such an awful thing to be on her way home now, just what I want to see a ghostly journey. Probably alone in a smoking carriage with dad, and he telling her exactly what he thinks of her friends. Or else saying nothing behind the newspaper, and leaving her to her own devices. Oh, poor little thing when she gets home and has to face all this!"

"Will happen—"

Here a little breeze scattered a cloud of petals from the blossoming cherry-tree over Solly's fair head and his shoulders. It looked like mischief, I thought—and then I felt that I was not to wish myself for nothing that. There couldn't be any comfort strewn

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We send this White Subscription-Blank to you because it is a handy way of renewing your subscription. All you have to do is sign your name and mail it to us with the money (coin or stamps). It is our way of telling you that this is the last copy of *The American Woman* you will receive unless you renew at once. You don't want to miss any part of the splendid new serial story starting last month, "The Years for Rachel," by Berta Ruck, the author of "His Official Fiancee," the most popular serial we ever published. We are going to try to make the editor's talks, fancy-work pages and all the special departments even more interesting and helpful the coming year than they were the past one.

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The American Woman Day, Maine

borrow one without giving this business. I'll cut you a check for the first train in the morning. Amel! Early breakfast, please."

It was a rather dreadful day at the Bank House after he went. Hilda was on everybody's mind. Even I, wandering about of my own, put aside for minutes at a time the thoughts of my peaceful, soul-satisfying "under the mistletoe" with Solly. How I loved me. I felt wretched on Hilda's account. I consoled this to Solly, when he came that afternoon to find me at the bottom of our garden getting fresh violets for the vases. It was a soft and flowery April, "with sunshine and rain for a guarantee that when I was brought to Solly and when Hilda ran away."

"By this time she'll have left off feeding any and she'll be feeding only." I told him so, because, as I looked up at him from the dry grass border. There had been one or two heavy showers that day. "Poor Hilda. Solly—" the trouble in the house had taken away some of my sympathy of his Christian name, of himself. I began to feel that, as I put it to myself "we had belonged to each other for ages now." Out among the wet grass and the fresh mud, I told him because I talked to him quite freely. "Just think of poor Hilda tearing off to those people who wouldn't naturally know well, (except Evelyn) in just her best, 'same' coun-

ter, and her blue serge, and her best hosiery!" Solly mumbled.

For any of our family for a long, long time to come. Besides, who wanted any? Solly thought I was on telling Solly that mother had said that disapproval of packing Hilda off to a convent her Paris where the Wynns-Matthews and where she'd be married from the Slingers and everybody.

"Golly Wynns - Matthew says the Mother Superior is so frightfully strict she never lets the girls go anywhere or do anything at all," I told my lover. "O Solly! to think I had to be here, so happy with you, and that poor little Hilda will be shut up in that stonion case."

"Don't be so absurd darning," said Solly, holding my wet violets while I dried my fingers on my handkerchief. "It will do you good to see on telling Solly that mother never lets the girls go anywhere or do anything at all," I told my lover. "O Solly! to think I had to be here, so happy with you, and that poor little Hilda will be shut up in that stonion case."

"Poor Mr. Brock! To think that his 'plan,' too, was to be hung into Fate's waste-paper basket with so many other schemes and hopes and intentions for the best. That evening he came home from Birkenshead with a letter to be shouted for mother. I ventured to go up to him, and I looked grim, and very much overcast.

"Dad," I hazarded, "isn't Hilda coming back?"

"No," he replied. "You won't see your sister here again."

"With a pang I realized that she must have been packed off to her convent straight from her father's door."

"Not—?" I said blankly, as another came running downstairs.

"When I got there, I found that she was much to be pitied, and that she had been packed off to her convent straight from her father's door."

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Continued on page 14.

JEAN JOSSYLN CROWNS THE YEAR

By FLORENCE RYERSON

ALL Christmas stories should start with a balanced, unimpeachable man about the iron and snow. This is the Law and the Prophets. There should be a tang and snap to the air, sleighbells ringing ears and fingers frost, a bit of atmosphere in the flash of sun on frosted snow, and the cheery good-friendship of a crowd of merry-makers.

This will have to begin with a good assistance, for, though it was Christmas morning none of those things were present. The sun shone upon ordinary lawns, closely cropped and green, upon flowers and gardens, and, yes, upon Jean Jossyln descending the steps of her apartment-house.

Jean was dressed in white. A white suit, white fur and a dash of a white hat. In her fur, on the muff and neckpiece thrown back from her pink throat, were spots of holy, California holly which is more brilliant than the English. The clusters of red berries, as large as a child's fist, made little spots of color against the whiteness of her fur.

Furs were not necessary, but it was winter, and in winter one wears furs, even in California. So fashion dictated, and Jean was a slave to fashion, not because she wanted to be, but because her friend and father and the various other disks of Jean were served thereunto, all depended upon her.

Women in Guatemala and Siam were waiting to copy that white hat. Ladies in Katschiska and Peru were cutting patterns for that coat. Females of questionable age and unquestionable aviatropics, were sleeping on kids to reproduce the curls in her hair, and Jean Jossyln, tripping down the steps of the smartest apartment-house in Los Angeles, sighed deeply and felt the weight of publicity descend upon her.

A small boy was waiting by her machine and as her appearance he uttered a shrill cry, which brought three other small boys, liberally striped with red candy. They fogged together momentarily, and the driver opened the door of her car with a sticky hand.

Jean registered a smile. There it is out! The "reporter" tells the whole sad story of her life. Jean Jossyln was a Movie Queen, a Film Princess, a pampered darling of the screen. Daily she rose, somewhat earlier than the other poor working girls, and motored to the studio where she walked through a crowd of aspiring and peering into the room on the "Miss Jossyln Private."

After that her work was practically the same, she dared not and did not. Not for her the Dances of Dulsy or the Bravery of Moose. Her business was to look helical and appealing, to appear as the sign of the movie, to faint in the arms of the hero every two hundred feet, and to shake her adorable curls and pour her equally adorable mouth when he proposed.

The names of the films were different, the scenes were different, the plots were slightly different, but Jean was always the same. The public would not have it otherwise, and Jean was grown to realize the public with a hatred which was almost an obsession.

"It won't be ages!" she murmured to the director. "Did you ever hear of a man who on this day and age who'd let a man help her over a three-foot fence?" I'm going to climb for it, she said.

"Cut!" said the director, veering to the camera-man, and the latter stopped his grinning. "You've got to let him lift you over the fence," he explained to Jean. This is where he discovers how helpless and innocent you are.

"Imaging!" roared Jean, wrathfully, running a hand through her curls. "Innocent any girl who'd let a man help her over a fence would be deliberately working him!"

The director was used to temperament, and Jean was not an exception. Her eyes were honeyed soles which he employed with all those who drew salaries of over a hundred a week.

"But the public—" he began, and Jean shrugged her shoulders.

"The public? So what? If the public wants it, it's good! On with the dance." She dropped herself gracefully upon the silk bosom of the hero, pointed to the fence, shouldered, and proceeded splendidly through her part. This was lifted tenderly over. "Great pants, what devil!" she muttered to the leading man, and a movie-hater a vast and terrific movie audience breathed as one:

"How sweet and helpless!" Behind the scenes Jean beamed the leading man. He firmly believed that all women were pining for love of him, and he



"Oh, I don't know why I'm taking you off the 'be-look-of-muchah'."

said in his favor that he was not far wrong. But no man is a hero to his valet, (It has been said before, but it's true), and no professional hero can keep the pace all of the time. When he wasn't lifting Jean over three-foot walls and scaring away the naughty little moose he chewed gum and read the Sunday Supplement. In the Sunday Supplement when a lady treats a man particularly badly it is a pretty sure sign she's pining for his love.

Jean treated him particularly badly, he was irresistible, he had twenty mash notes a day to prove it), she suffered from a hopeless passion. He called her "poor little girl" ardently to himself, and at times grew almost tender. He had decided to give her one Perfect Day, and so he had invited her to have dinner with him on Christmas at that dear little inn at the beach.

He had asked her a long way ahead, and Jean was not an accomplished liar. She accepted in sheer astonishment, and regretted at her leisure. Not that there was something she cared about doing. When one knew almost tender, he had decided to give her one Perfect Day, and so he had invited her to have dinner with him on Christmas at that dear little inn at the beach.

The terrible day drew nearer and nearer and, as the last minutes she lost courage and fled.

"I've been called away suddenly," she told the clerk, trying to think of an excuse for the next day, and she betook herself to her machine as a ship-wrecked mariner takes to a lifeboat.

bury stood at his hotel window and stared gloomily over a busy street. Twenty-two thousand four hundred twenty-two miles and but some odd feet away from home, and he was counting every mile. He had come to Los Angeles on business, hurried business, and the call was important enough to make him forget the fact that his trip would mean being away from home on Christmas.

Half unconsciously he straightened his shoulders and threw up his chin.

"Got to buck up," he told himself. "Another month of this before I can go home."

And he turned once more to his typewriter which lay half buried under a sheaf of manuscripts.

It was not necessary that Brent Allbury was without an invitation for Christmas dinner. If he had wished to disclose his identity he might have been hooded with invitations. He could, had he so chosen, have been the lion at half a dozen dinners on Adams Street. But Brentwood Allbury leathed publicity, and feared almost more than he loved it.

Behind his six feet two of masculinity lurked a soul which beloned by rights to the sharking girl of thirteenth. He dreamed the fierce white light of fame, and died at the sound of his name, or rather, his non-dejourn, for Brent Allbury had built up a character for himself, a wholly unusual morality, consisting of all the things which he was not.

As Peter Mann, the tomcat, the faceless master of tradition he was hated and worshipped in every State in the country. But living up to Peter—that was quite another matter, and one that Brent Allbury refused to face. He had, on the whole,

managed to keep the dreadful truth quiet. It was known in literary circles, of course, a slight identity caused to be handed out by others of the craft, but the country as a whole did not know that Peter Mann, the stockbroker, who dined till first at the politics, about wars, and, above all, about women, was the shy and more than retiring young man who generally wore over Sping Street on a Christmas morning.

It was the knowledge of his own potential possibilities which caused to Brent Allbury's gloom. He felt rather as though he carried eternally with him a stick of dynamite which might, if it did not exercise vigilance, explode and render him an object of interest for the ice-luncheon.

Brent had viewed the spectacle of the lion-eater, surrounded by an interested crowd, and he had no desire to change places with the king of beasts.

So he returned to his typewriter and began a fierce and heartless denunciation of the world in general and the customs of Christmas in particular which was rendered still more caustic by the gone feeling about his heart. Later he knew that the article would be the bone of contention between the Press in every State, and as he wrote he grinned a little in anticipation of the row it would kick up. That the grin faded from his face and his fingers ceased to tap the keys. A great disaster for the whole thing over him, and, muttering a few uncomplimentary remarks to the top of the Peter Mann he rose and made for the street. Anything, he decided, was better than spending Christmas in his room.

Ahead of him a comfortable-looking tripe-car was rolling upon the track. Whimsically, he stepped a bit and boarded her, resigning himself into the hands of the Goodness of Chance, and even as he did so, he looked ahead and saw The Girl.

She was slender and young, and dressed in a suit of shabby blue, with a hat which, but for some odd feet away from home, and he was counting every mile. He had come to Los Angeles on business, hurried business, and the call was important enough to make him forget the fact that his trip would mean being away from home on Christmas.

For while Brent Allbury stared at his typewriter in the noisy hotel that morning, Jean had driven slowly through the city, watching the moving groups about her with wistful gray eyes. They all seemed to have houses, and people who cared for them, and she thought almost bitterly, while she, the idol of the press public, had been deserted even by her paid champion. The girls in the company were not her kind and the people she loved—

"I won't!" she had told herself, bravely, winking back the tears. "I won't think about money. I've got to stay here and make money. It's my job."

But some odd feet away from home, and he was counting every mile. He had come to Los Angeles on business, hurried business, and the call was important enough to make him forget the fact that his trip would mean being away from home on Christmas.

"I might as well skip the day cleaning up my dressing-room," she thought. "No business as usual."

Once on the job she opened the door and let herself in. The room was in confusion, due to the hastiness of her changes and the fact that she had not had time to get ready for a Christmas-eve dinner. Her dresses were strewn about in little mounds of silk and satin. Everywhere were scarfs and silk stockings, hair-ornaments and satin slippers. The place seemed to be full of every sort of thing, and she turned to see if she had left the center of the floor, where she had left it, was a suit, a dainty blue suit with a worn collar and cuffs, with one shoe tucked away in it of it lay a pair of plain, common-sense shoes and a worn handker, such as shop-girls are supposed to carry.

It was the clothing she had worn in the picture they had been taking the day before when, weary of the pursuit of the rich and famous, she had decided to lose her money to test them. This was the wardrobe mistress' idea of the proper clothing for a lady, and she had bought it.

The director had regarded them wrathfully, wore a little under his breath, and supposed that she had been careless.

"Get something else!" he roared. "The fans wouldn't stand for it a minute!" so the clothing mistress' properly exchanged for a trim silk dress, covered in the name of the floor.

Continued on page 16

Household Fittings Make the Best of Christmas Gifts

By FRANCES HOWLAND



No. 109 A. The Fir Pillow is a Delightful Remembrance

FIRST, there is the fir pillow. What could be sent from "the old home down in Maine," or elsewhere, that would more appeal to us than one of these fragrant pillows, reclined with the odor of fir or pine. Here it soothes to sleep, carrying one back to the days of childhood before the cares of maturer years came to keep one uneasy. Surely it is a comfort—just big enough to tuck in among the other pillows so that we can breathe its fragrance—and, as suggested, a new gift could not be found. Even if there is no old home-farm from which the previous "new div" may be had, the filled pillows may be purchased in any city store, and we have but to cover them.

The oblong pillow illustrated is just the right size, stamped on tan ticking twenty inches long and twelve inches wide, which will be the exact manner when made up. The letters of the inscription: "Firs That Fill the Air with Fragrance," are outlined with green floss, the cones with red-green, and the stems and needles also with green of a darker shade. If you wish to do so you may make the tint come out of the design.

Stretch the stamped goods on a smooth surface covered with blotting-paper, fastened down with thumb-tacks. Distribute small quantities of green paint with turpentine, and with a tiny brush carefully stain the letters between the stamped lines. Darken the points with black or Van Dyke brown for the stems or branches, shading these lighter toward the tips, and use brown for the cones, darkest at the base and a little lighter at the tip—the shading being accomplished by using less paint on the lighter portions. With care you can do this tinting nicely. Take up your little bit of the dye or paint on your brush at a time, and do not allow it to spread beyond the stamped lines.

The tray or oval centerpieces will be appreciated by any housekeeper who has an oblong table to cover. It is fifteen by ten inches when the material with a narrow hem, and the finished is the popular and serviceable Russian cross-stitch. Considered decoration is showy, but very simple and rapidly executed. Black, blue, yellow and green are the colors used; the large flower-shaped forms are filled in with darning-stitches of blue—a long stitch on the surface and a short one underneath—the outlining throughout is done with black, and the center of two flowers each group are filled with the French knots of yellow, the third with knots of green. The small leaves are crossed by long stitches of green and outlined also with black. The work "goes" so very quickly that it is most fascinating, and the effect

No. 109 A. Perforated stamping-pattern, 25 cents. Transfer-pattern, 10 cents. Stamped on 12x20-inch tan ticking with plain back to match, 25 cents. Floss to embroider, 25 cents extra.

No. 110 A. Perforated stamping-pattern, 30 cents. Transfer-pattern, 15 cents. Stamped by 16x24-inch tan crash, 20 cents. Floss to embroider, 30 cents extra.

No. 111 A. Perforated stamping-pattern, 30 cents. Transfer-pattern, 15 cents. A pair, stamped on 12x18-inch tan crash, \$1.00. Floss to embroider the pair, 25 cents. Cruchel-thread for edges, 45 cents extra.

In order to make the needlework pages of especial interest and value to every member of THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S CLUB, large household, the editor asks the hearty cooperation of all. Every variety of needlework will be represented from month to month. If you have an original or especially desirable lace-pattern or bit of practical needlework, please share it with others by sending it to THE NEEDLE-WORKER.

Address all communications for this department to
EMMA C. MONROE,
Roxbury, Mass.

is quite out of proportion to the time and labor that must be expended to produce it. The lace edge may be purchased or handmade—that used for the table-runners would be very pretty.

Those same runners afford another illustration of the value of simple stitchery—given a pleasing design. The little diamond-shaped forms, large and small, are worked in padded satin-stitch with a rather dense green floss, and outlined with black. These forms are arranged in two rows, the larger ones next the border, one between each two sections or scallops, the smaller ones above and between the first. The border is done in chain-stitching, using a light shade of golden-brown, and in each section is a little curved outline of black. One could easily provide dollies to match the runners and have a very attractive lace-set.

Finished with a narrow hem, the runners are about forty-five inches in length and eleven and one-half inches wide, to which the border adds two inches. Using No. 30 crochet-cotton (finer or coarser, if preferred), make a chain loop enough to extend easily across the piece. It is far better to make such trimming of exactly the right length than to cut it.

1. Miss 3, 4 trebles in next 3 stitches, * (chain 2, miss 2, 4 trebles) twice, (chain 7, fasten back in 4th stitch from hook for a pivot) twice, chain 3, miss 4, 4 trebles in next 4 stitches; repeat from *.

2. Slip over let 3 trebles, chain 3, 2

trebles in space and treble in treble, * chain 2, miss 2, 4 trebles, pivot-chain, fasten between the pivots of chain of last row) twice, pivot-chain, miss 3 trebles, 4 trebles in next 4 stitches; repeat from *.

3. Like 2d row to *, (pivot-chain, fasten between pivots of chain of last row) twice, pivot-chain, miss 3 trebles, 4 trebles in next 4 stitches; repeat from *.

4. Slip over 4 trebles, and to middle of pivot-chain, * (chain 6, fasten back in 4th stitch for a pivot) 3 times, chain 2, fasten between pivots of next pivot-chain, repeat from * (chain 6, fasten back in 4th stitch) twice, chain 2, fasten between pivots of next pivot-chain; repeat.

The joining is nicely accomplished; leave a little space for 5 chain-stitches between 1st group of 4 trebles and last group, at end, and connect those by the pivot-chain; connect the 3 groups of next row by 2 pivot-chains, and so on. If preferred, the border may be sewed to the runner at end of last row, joining the ends of chain, and also the last pivot-chain to top of 3 chain which represents the 1st treble of the row; after this join each row as completed. Instead of "falling" the loop at corner, too, it may be made to turn the corner. Work the last of the 3 groups or blocks of trebles on one side of corner; make a pivot-chain, then work the last of next groups close to the corner on other side, putting 1st treble of 1st group in same place with last treble of preceding group. Thus continue as directed. The border may be

worked into edge of hem, if preferred, but if separately, it can be taken off should it become broken or worn while the linen itself is still good.

—E.

Needleworkers' Exchange

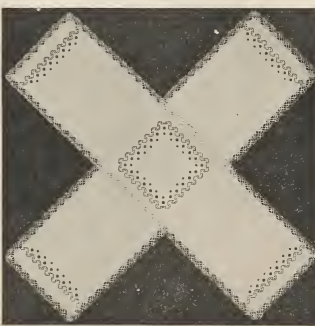
[N making thin waist and other garments a pencil will be found of very great assistance. Rule your lines for tucks, etc., when you cannot turn the stuff down by a thread. Put a pencil-dot where a button is to go or a buttonhole is to be cut. One washing will remove all pencil-marks, which need not be heavy enough to be noticeable, anyway. Another thing of value to the home needlewoman is a small yard of compasses or "dividers," which help to measure distances very much more quickly than by folding pieces of paper, although the latter plays a useful part once measurements are made.—Mrs. C. W. B., Ohio.

[F you find it difficult to work the initial, monogram or other bit of embroidery in the corners of napkins or handkerchiefs, try one of the following methods, all good. First, if you have a number of corners to do, baste four of them together; you can put them in your embroidery-loop without trouble. If you have but one or two, sew a piece of cloth to the corner, making it of sufficient size to hold in the hoop; or, take a piece of pasteboard three or four inches square, cut out a square hole large enough to receive the stamped initial, baste the handkerchief on the pasteboard so that the initial comes over the opening, and you are ready for doing the embroidery.—M. E. J., Vermont.

[N basting a long seam try threading the needle without cutting the thread from the spool; when the basting is finished the thread may be cut. This saves the time and trouble of continually threading the needle, and also saves thread, because, where one would not stop to wind short lengths on an empty spool for future use, if it can be pulled out in one long piece, after stitching the seam, one feels it to be easier to wind it for use another time.—Anna C., Rhode Island.

[I HAD a very pretty waist of sheer material which had a bad iron-stain spot on one side of the front, just above the bust. I made a lattice of medallion, basted it over the spot, and in corresponding places on the other side of the material, and set away for the material underneath. Inside repairing the waist it adds much to its attractiveness, and the medallion may be used, if preferred, choosing thread to correspond with the material of the waist.—D. R. D., Kansas.

[W HEN embroidering initials in the corners of napkins or handkerchiefs, baste the corners of four of them together, then slip the embroidery—hoops in place, having the corners meet in the center. By adopting this method one can work four initials without changing the hoops. I trust this suggestion will be as useful to other needleworkers as it has been to me.—A. L. B., Maine.



No. 111 A. A Pair of Table-Runners with Crocheted Border

THE WOMAN WHO WOULD

By W. R. GILBERT

WHEN Mahoney came into the room and saw the young man sitting in an arm chair by the fire, his plain, gaunt face was clouded with pity and dismay.

"You shouldn't have come all this way, Jack!" he cried, hurrying forward. "I would have gone to see you!" The visitor raised his face. It was growing shadowy in the big, gloomy library, but a sudden leaping flame in the fire cast a warm feature and vacant eyes that peered past Mahoney at nothing.

"My man brought me here," said Dundas. "I wanted to see you. At least— He laughed. "I can do that, but—"

"How can you joke about it, Jack? Interrupted Mahoney, in his impetuous Irish way.

"His face was quite pale with the intensity of his feelings. He sat down and did not look at the boy.

"Oh, well, one has got to grin and bear it! It was cut I got on the head at Lord Plague the deuce with the optic nerve. Oh! I can't remember all the long words the doctors used!" He smiled drowsily. "Words don't matter, anyway! The fact's there. I can scarcely see at all now, and in about a month or so—but I didn't come here to weep over me. The women do that. I know you feel sorry. Let's cut out all that!"

He moved impatiently in his chair. His face had been singularly handsome, in a boyish, clean-cut way, before the sufferings and hardships of war had set their marks upon him; stooping shoulders and pallid face and those peering, dark-rimmed eyes.

"No wonder that his friends could not bear to look at him!" Mahoney remembered that the Jack Dundas of other years—gay, light-spirited, perfectly groomed; a trifle at first, but fresh and undisturbedly with a trick of winning and keeping the affection of his fellows. He had been the most popular member of clubs where Mahoney had made and diffident and homely, had been quite civily ignored by all but Dundas. A rather odd friendship had sprung up between the irreproachably dressed young man of fashion and the simple, uncouth-looking Irishman, whose worth had not been great enough to buy his admittance into the world of society.

Then the war broke out. Dundas went to the front, and Mahoney, abandoning the social pretensions that had brought him nothing but disappointment, became a plain, good-natured Irishman who had been his secretary, and retired to live quietly in a huge, old-fashioned mansion at the coast.

"You got my letter congratulating you?" asked the elder man.

"Oh, didn't I answer it? Well, one hadn't much time for letter-writing out there. Ridiculous sort, my getting the V. C. Matter of fact, Colonel happened to be in sight when I brought poor old Crossley in. Most of the other fellows deserved it more!"

"You're back, that makes a man do things like that, my boy," said the Irishman. "Put 'p' before lack and—"

"Oh, shut up!" protested Dundas. "You're as bad as the newspapers." After a moment of silence he leaned forward. "Mahoney, I want a business talk with you."

Mahoney's genial face was troubled and embarrassed.

"My dear Jack, please don't think of it! At any rate, another time!"

"But I mean to see you about the matter—ten thousand or so less!" Dundas's countenance, particularly as regards the nostrils, just now, I've got the three hundred for the poor old mater left me. As for carrying any more—the laurel wreath—unless I set the craze in society for artificial flowers, I believe the blind can make 'em."

"You'll talk like that, Jack?" said his friend teasingly. "Mustn't get bitter, whatever happens!" And he knew perfectly well that he no more dream of asking you for the money than—"

Mahoney could find no parallel. "I've never moved his eyes toward where he supposed the speaker to be. He laughed again but quite so bitterly.

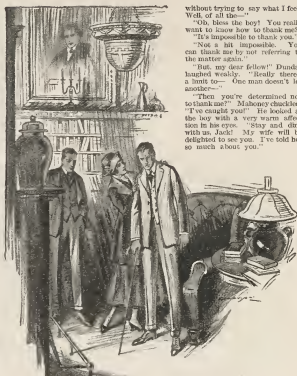
"It may be sentiment, but it's not business!"

"I'm Irish," said Mahoney, boldly. "My feelings come first, business afterward."

"You're out of your way to being a millionaire!" said Dundas, with a smile.

Mahoney got up and crossed the room to a seat by the window. "I don't think I'll do it, and knelt by it. Dundas lay back with closed eyes.

The light of the February afternoon was fading softly.



"She went to him. Seeing his face she gave a little start."

"Shall I switch on the light," said Mahoney, "or is it more restful for you as it is?"

"As it is, thanks!"

The elder man came back to the fire with some papers in his hands.

"I think it's here."

He was sorting them.

"What is? You're deuced mysterious!" Dundas spoke with the irritability that his amission had brought with it. In the old days he had been the sunniest-tempered fellow who had ever run through three fortunes.

"It's the acknowledgment," Mahoney found the paper that he had been seeking, and put it into the young man's hands.

"Well! I came here to tell you that I'll pay you what I can. I'll—"

"The paper was withdrawn from his hand. There was the rustle of a flame that was being fed.

"You've not burned it? Good heavens, Mahoney!"

The boy's face was working. He thrust out a trembling hand and grasped Mahoney, who had been kneeling by the fire.

"Steady! Don't throttle me!" Mahoney laughed.

"You shouldn't have done that! It's splendid of you to let me off!" Dundas spoke chokingly. "Don't think I don't realize that—but I could pay you something—a little every month!" It was a feeble bid for the cash, checking money away as it fled. When you lent me that ten thousand,

"Don't think of it again now," said the Irishman. "I'm proud to have been able to help you. Too old to fight, but not too old to do a good turn for a gallant V. C.!" There now!" He laughed to hide his feelings.

"The whole thing done with. We'll not dig it up again!"

"But what can I say? You—"

"Now don't begin. I won't have it, I tell you."

"You expect me to take a thing like this

without trying to say what I feel?"

"Oh, bless the boy! You really want to know how to thank me?"

"It's impossible to thank you."

"You can thank me by not referring to the matter again."

"But, my dear fellow!" Dundas laughed weakly. "Really there's a limit to—One man doesn't let another—"

"Then you're determined not to thank me?" Mahoney chuckled. "I've caught you!" He looked at the boy with a very warm affection in his eyes. "Stay and dine with us, Jack! My wife will be delighted to see you. I've told her so much about you."

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Dundas. The glare of light was dazzling eyes that were not blind.

"What does this mean?" the girl said. Her frightened whimper passed unheeded. The two men had forgotten her presence.

Mahoney sat down heavily, and leaned his head on his hand.

"Mr. Mahoney"—she grasped his arm insistently—"Jack's engaged to me. I dare say he told you."

"No!" The reply came in a muffled voice. "He told me nothing, but not that."

"She looked from one to the other with agonized entreaty.

"But this seems so awful! It's so—so horrible for me! Won't one of you explain? You must."

Dundas, who had been standing with his head sunk on his chest looked up.

"Yes," he said quietly. "I'll explain, Hilda. Before the war Mahoney lent me ten thousand pounds. He had my acknowledgment for it. The other day he wrote to me, someone had told him I was blind. Well, I was tempted, and I didn't hold out. I came here this afternoon, and pretended to be blind. I knew what a generous fellow he was—how simple. I hoped he'd let me off. He did. He burned the acknowledgment. That's all! If you hadn't turned up, I think of how I'd have looked out. We'd have gone to Australia, as we'd arranged. He left all the clubs—he knew none of my friends. He wouldn't have found out. You see?"

"She stood with her hands clasped together, her face white as marble.

"I can't believe it, Jack!" she said, in a little tremulous whisper.

"Yes," he said earnestly. "Time you found me out, old girl, before it's too late. Mahoney and everyone think me a hero, because I saved Crossley. But you no hero. Now at all. I'm a real ratter! I'm meant! I do vie, low things—things other fellows would scorn to do."

"I'm a coward!" she said, her eyes went on, vehemently. "He and squires out of things! I can't face the music! I'll—but I think you understand now. When did you come here this afternoon, Hilda?"

"They told me you were here. I was hunting in Hantswood, and thought I'd call for you, Jack—"

"She went to him, but he put out his hand and held her away.

"It's all up, old girl! Now that you know what I am, I don't keep you to your promise. Not such a big engagement as that."

"If you're a ratter, Jack," she whispered, "you want someone to help you not to be. I'm going too!"

"My voice broke. They held each other close for a long moment. He spoke to Mahoney, a new tone in his voice.

"I'll work hard, out in Australia. I'll send you the money—never rest until it's sent! Do you hear, Mahoney?"

"You don't really think it's the loss of the money I feel?" said the man, who had never spoken harshly in his life, and did not do so now.

"But there was that in his voice that made her shiver. It spoke into her lover's eyes, whisper pitifully:

"Oh, poor Jack!"

"I'll go with you, even with him, old girl!" he said, hoarsely.

"No," she went to Mahoney—"Mr. Mahoney, I have a thing to say to you. You're going to marry him. Won't you—can't you—"

"I'm different for a woman," he replied very low. "I'm afraid I can't."

"It was vile, but he's so awfully sorry. He never had dread of it was."

"I don't say. He spoke with an effort. "We were friends. He hasn't have thought I'd come down on him for the money. I'm not that sort. I did—was very freeborn."

"He's quite right, Hilda," said Dundas. "It's different with women; but men can't stand this sort of thing. I know, because they've found out before."

She went over Mahoney and spoke in a sob-choked voice.

"Don't you. There are different sorts of courage! Jack's does this and it nearly breaks our hearts, because we love him, but—think of the day when he dashed across that fire in the night and saved Major Crossley! Perhaps none of the other men in the trench would have done any more than that. He was so small. But they all saw the man lying there helpless and none of them went by him but Jack. Oh, we mustn't think of it. He was so small. But they don't know—perhaps it isn't the better sort of courage; but—her voice broke; tears

THE ALLEANZA FEMMINILE

By KATE E. HORTON

THE great war with its far-reaching effects has brought a change perhaps unequalled in the annals of the realm of womanhood into the lives of the women of Sicily. For in the traditions of the race, regarded successively by the Saracen and Spanish invasions of the eighth and twelfth centuries, still prevailed at the beginning of the present war. The place of woman was not only figuratively but literally "in the home." Rarely on the street in public places was a woman of social prominence to be seen. So distasteful to the Sicilian woman, in fact was the thought of appearing publicly, that even shopping—that delight of the feminine heart—was left to others. The cloistered seclusion was not alone the custom of the higher classes, the women of the poorest classes as well, bound by the same oriental traditions, kept strictly to their homes.

Into this social state of an age long past, breaking down the bars of custom that kept these women of Sicily from public affairs and lives of independence, the present war stretched a relentless and imperative hand. For Sicily, true to her past, responded to the call for men, sending thousands of her best to fight on the Italian front. Left at home, the women of the people, unaccustomed to work outside, suddenly found to support themselves and their children, while upon the women of the higher class fell the task of caring for the poorer sisters—to see that they were enabled to earn their living, or to provide for those who through sickness became necessary a public burden. All classes responded nobly. The spirit of patriotism and loyalty, the innate chivalry and love in the woman's heart, enabled these women of Sicily to break away from the customs that had hitherto bound them. The most advanced women of Palermo immediately organized what is known as the "Alleanza Femminile," a federation of women who devote themselves with splendid energy and utmost devotion to their suffering people.

For the Alleanza Femminile, whose members understand the Sicilian people and their dialect—for the impart of heart and spirit, ready to be found in any language as well as the customs of Sicily—that the American Red Cross has been able to do in their time of need, the women of Sicily and the "profughi," as they call those from northern Italy who have taken refuge upon the shores of the island.

Upon the appeal of the Alleanza Femminile to the American Red Cross Commission in Italy, the American organization immediately responded to the appeal, and the plans of the ricicamanti, from what threatened to become slow starvation. These orphan boys established by the Alleanza Femminile—at considerable strain upon the slender finances of this organization—in the Villa Filippina, a former recreation or playground of a Catholic institution, were subsisting on an ounce and a silver of dry bread as a daily diet, when the appeal to the American Red Cross was made. The American organization immediately took the rescue with the gift of a soup kitchen stationed on the grounds as a recreation, where each day these grateful children receive a sizzling bowl of rich soup, furnished through funds of the Red Cross.

A second activity, this time established directly and solely by the American Red Cross for the families of the ricicamanti of Sicily—the mothers, wives and children of the soldiers at the front—the public food distribution. This food-distribution under the personal direction of Mrs. Donald Shaw MacLaughlin, wife of the American Red Cross delegate to Palermo, takes place every Thursday, and is always attended by members of the Alleanza Femminile who understand the people and their dialect. Here quantities of meat, rice and condensed milk are given to the families whose necessities because of sickness, is covered for by the Alleanza Femminile and other Italian food organizations after careful investigation.

cordial as have been the relations and sympathies as have been the cooperation of all the Italian societies in the American Red Cross throughout Italy and Sicily, possibly none has worked more harmoniously with the American organization and with a greater help than the Alleanza Femminile, whose members, for the first time, perhaps, in the course of almost five hundred years, undertake tasks of public character. Reports from American Red Cross workers in

the Palermo district never fail to express their gratitude at this harmony of Sicilians and Americans in a great work to further a common cause.

Looking Out for Our Nurses

What is mothering and alerting the nurse in France, while she is spending her time and energy sidestepping and hurrying back to health your boy at the front?

It may not have occurred to all of us, but

Paris an enormous bureau—the Red Cross Women's Bureau of Hospital Services—which takes care of most of these vastly important routine matters for the Red Cross Army in France. At the head of this bureau is Miss Ruth Morgan, and working with her is Miss Julia Atkinson, the chief nurse.

The problem of equipment is complicated by the eccentricities of the war market in France. Many ingenious substitutes have been invented and many ailments

ducing American models in the leading French shops.

Thus the difficulty, too, of supplying the out-of-town nurses with necessary equipment. Travel is so burdensome in these days of many documents and leave so uncertain that it was found impracticable for the nurses to come to Paris for what they wanted. The Bureau found an answer to that problem by operating a mail-order service in a big Paris department-store.

The matter of housing has been another "stricker." Conditions at the front are such that it is often next to impossible to provide the nurses with comfortable, or even livable quarters. Even the big base hospitals get so full that there is no room for the nurses to sleep. The plan has been for the Army to take a house outside the hospital in the vicinity. The Women's Bureau takes care of the equipment and furnishings of these homes, down to the least detail.

In two of its own hospitals where the rooming-space is not adequate, the Red Cross has opened similar homes for the nurses. In addition, they have taken over a large house at 41 rue de Gallies as a permanent nurses' club. This house has accommodations for seventy-five nurses. There are two gardens, and balconies overlooking them. There are a telephone, hot and cold water and steam-heating in every room. The assistant to the chief nurse lives there and holds herself in readiness to give advice and help whenever called upon.

Beside these necessary provisions for sleeping-quarters, the Red Cross has established at every base hospital a Nurses' Club in the shape of a small baroque with reading-room and steam-heating in every large main room where afternoon tea is served. The Y. W. C. A. has been asked to detail a secretary to each of these clubs, or where necessary, to act as secretary to every two or three clubs. In Paris, a club for nurses as well as other Red Cross Workers has been opened at the Hotel Roblin.

Recreation and "time-outs" have long been recognized as of equal importance with working hours. The recreation question has a way of looking out for itself. Whoever heard of a group of American girls who couldn't contrive to enjoy themselves in their phytane in a thousand and one ways? All they need is the time and place to relax and they will furnish their own entertainment. They are as resourceful there as in other fields.

Where and how to spend a leave is another "off-time" question which the Bureau has shown great discernment in handling. They are ready with suggestions, as well as offering practical facilities such as the Pension Gallies for those who wish to spend their leave in Paris. Consoling leave has received special attention. Besides offering the opportunity to consult specialists, the Bureau funds accommodations for convalescents at Cannes and Biarritz during the winter and at LaCroix during the summer. For girls just out of the hospital details are attended to, trains looked up and rooms secured. Just as the Bureau has made consideration a suitable place for convalescents out of mainland France.

Besides the various provisions for her well-being the American nurse has revealed an amazing aptitude at "looking out" for herself.

In the last offensive, there were cases when nurses "just over" were set to work with practically nothing in the way of accommodations and the tools to which they were accustomed. Six weeks later, the chief nurse says she found them installed in a beautiful hotel. "They themselves had craved out of the material at hand at least was a useful to place the hospital on a working basis. There is never a whimper at hardship and never a complaint at privation. They are true soldiers, ready to "do or die" like the men whom it is their mission to attend.



Vila Filippina Where Six Hundred Boys, Sons of Soldiers at the Front, Are Cared for

It certainly has to the mothers of these girls and women that they can't spend all their time bending over the beds of wounded soldiers. It is not all glamour, poetry and romance. Nurse or no nurse, they are still human. They must be fed three times a day, they must be clothed, they must sleep occasionally, and in order to stand the trying physical and breathtaking strain they must rest—they must have their hours of recreation.

In the early days of our part in the great war, back in August, 1917, Miss Martha Russell, in charge of army nurses, and Miss Elizabeth Ashe, in charge of the Red Cross nurses for civilian work, stopped in London on their way to France and went over with Mrs. Whitehead Red the splendid work al-

ways worked out by the Women's Bureau. For it takes more than a war marked to "stamp" the Women's Bureau. When instructions come from Washington, for instance, Miss Morgan and her staff proceed to fit the local conditions to the instructions, not always an easy matter with quality and quantity both rimes. But Miss Morgan is of the opinion that if results cannot be achieved in one way they can in another. Witness the new washable gray jersey uniform, the rubber boots which will go on over an ordinary shoe, and the "brocaded" specially adapted to the peculiar kind of damp cold, to which the weather-man is so notoriously partial "over there."

Just to illustrate how the Women's



Poisoned Boys at the Vila Filippina, Eating Soup Furnished Daily by the Red Cross

ready started there for American Red Cross nurses in London. And three women have become the mothering agency of our nurses. A nurses' club was started, a "leave" club where nurses found a homelike environment in which to spend hours of duty.

Thus answered a crying need and the work grew to tremendous size. It became necessary to centralize. And to-day there is in

Bureau tackles a problem, let us take the also difficulty. Kipling says somewhere: "The marching man is no stronger than his feet." That is certainly equally true of the nurse. We can well understand that the American nurse balked at commencing her edictory by wearing the ordinary light-colored French hood. But American shoes are not to be had easily in France. The Bureau has cut the Gordian knot by intro-

For the Holiday Season

By ISABELLE CLARK SWEZY

AT Christmas time, somehow, one really does long for something sweet! And there is no reason why we shouldn't have it, provided we remember always that those "over there" want it just as we do, and need the sugar vastly more, and that we at home should obtain our "sweets" principally from the sugar-substitutes.

It is just like sending them a Christmas present when we save on the sugar that it may be sent over there.

You see, to begin with, Americans have always eaten more sugar than the people of other nations, and more than is really good for them, and it is times we are even things up a bit. There is something which furnishes heat and energy so quickly as sugars and fat. While we all need some in our diet, it can readily be understood how extremely important it is that those bearing the great physical hardships for us, exposed constantly to severe weather and the greatest hardships, be not deprived of what they need. It must be a source of great satisfaction to each of us to know that what we save goes to someone who is doing so much for us. So in planning our good things for the holiday season, we shall keep constantly in mind the necessity for saving fat and saving sugar, and using a variety of flour instead of all wheat, and I think with our consciences all clear we can sit down and enjoy our good things much more surely, than if with every morsel we had to say ourselves: "Blessed ones, they really ought to have this!" Conditions vary so in different localities that we all should sacrifice ourselves to eating, as nearly as possible, the substitutes most easily obtainable where we live. In one part of the country, maple-syrup may be secured without difficulty, while in others it cannot be obtained at all, or the price is prohibitive. The same is true of honey. In some receipts, the white corn syrup works most admirably, while in others, the dark corn syrup is equally or more satisfactory, depending upon the flavor desired. Remember always, when substituting syrup for sugar, to reduce the quantity of liquid. When making puddings or cakes, jam or jelly may often be substituted instead

half a cupful white flour, two level teaspoonfuls baking-powder, one half teaspoonful salt, one half teaspoonful cinnamon and one quarter teaspoonful cloves. Add the granulated sugar to the first mixture, together with one third cupful finely chopped nuts. When well beaten, stir in one cupful of jam—preferably raspberry or strawberry. If desired, add a cupful of raisins and half a cupful of nuts may be added, in which event they should be stirred in with the last of the flour. Turn into a greased tube cake-pan and bake in a slow oven until, when a straw is inserted it can be withdrawn clean and dry. It will require about three-fourths of an hour. This may be served cold as a cake, or hot as a pudding. The illustration shows it as a cake, decorated with a little sugared frosting, for which you already have the receipt, and a few almond halves.

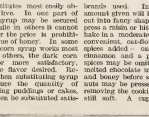
Some good Christmas cookies which the children will all relish are made as follows:

Honey Cookies Heat together one half cupful vegetable shortening and one cupful of honey. When fat is melted and honey is somewhat thinned, set aside to cool. Mix and sift two cupfuls white flour and one cupful barley- or rice-flour, one teaspoonful baking-powder, one half teaspoonful soda, one half teaspoonful salt and one half teaspoonful nutmeg. Add one well beaten egg to the honey-and-fat mixture, then gradually sift in the mixed and sifted dry ingredients. Add one teaspoonful of vanilla, then add enough more flour so they may be rolled thin. The amount of flour varies with the brands used. In some instances the amount given will be sufficient. Roll thin, cut into fancy shapes with a cookie-cutter, press a raisin or bit of date into each and bake in a moderately hot oven. If more convenient, oat-flour may be used in equal parts added— one level teaspoonful of cinnamon and a pinch of cloves, or all spices may be omitted and two squares of melted chocolate may be added to the fat and honey before stirring in the flour, and nuts may be pressed in immediately upon removing the cookies from the oven, while still soft. A cupful of cocoanut (first

A Christmas Cake



The Delicious Honey Cookies Which Are So Popular



Good Cookies That Save Sugar

factory. The following Christmas Cakes is a good example:

Christmas War-Time Cake Cream together half a cupful of brown sugar, and one third cupful of corn syrup. Add the yolks of three well beaten eggs. Mix together one half cupful sour milk and half teaspoonful soda, and add. Mix and sift together one cupful soy-bean-flour or rice-flour,

stems) may be added to the dough. A great variety may be made from this one receipt.

Nut Spice Cake (Sift flour before measuring and use level measurements.) Mix together one half cupful butter-substitute, one cupful corn syrup and one cupful molasses. Pour over this two-thirds cupful hotting water



The History of a Van Camp Soup



A Parisian Chef
In the Hotel Ritz, created the original recipe. It embodied some 20 ingredients, and 25 hours were required in the making. In a culinary contest held in Paris this recipe took the prize. Thus this soup became the leader in that city of his cookery.



Materials Analyzed
These Van Camp scientists fix a standard for every ingredient. Every material must come up to that standard. Some materials are selected by analysis to insure accurate variations. Thus a Van Camp Soup is the model as its food—exactly like the original soup adopted.



Scientific Cooks
Later this chef was employed by Van Camp, and that recipe came with him. Here our culinary experts, college trained, worked three years to improve it. By testing countless brands they evolved a flavor which amazed the chef himself. All Van Camp Soups are perfected in that way. Our scientists' cooks start with a famous recipe. They try out hundreds of ways to improve it. And they never stop until they reach the limit in deliciousness.

The Final Formula
Then every step and detail is recorded in formula. And that formula is always followed to the dot. In every Van Camp Soup you get a famous recipe perfected in this way. You get the very utmost in blend and ingredients. They come to you ready to serve, at a trifling cost—the finest soups ever created. Try two or three, and you will never again be content to serve an ordinary soup.

VAN CAMP'S Soups - 18 Kinds

Other Van Camp Products Include
Pork and Bean, Spiced Ham, Spaghetti, Peanut Butter, Chili Con Carne, Catsup, Chili Sauce, etc.
Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis



Van Camp's Pork and Beans
Also prepared by these culinary experts. It is a delicious, hearty, and filling food. Made with a recipe which the chef made in his Parisian kitchen.



Van Camp's Spaghetti
Made in a famous Italian kitchen which has been famous for many years. It is a delicious and hearty food. Made with a recipe which the chef made in his Parisian kitchen.



Van Camp's Peanut Butter
Made from a special blend of Spanish and Virginia peanuts, with every grain ground. The ground is then pressed and the oil is removed. The ground is then pressed and the oil is removed.

things to write about, but I never managed to add it twice the same."

Jean retraced the line of unrequited feelings for an instant and a little smile crossed her lips. Here was a man after her own heart, she reflected, no movie hero with broad shoulders and vainglorious conversation, but a human being who needed help. With a little mothering gesture she put her hand

"Of course I'll do it," she said, and an instant later the result was written in firm figures at the bottom of the toppling column.

"May I ask what the grand total means?"

Brent was the number of unmarried women in the United States," he said.

"Unmarried women?" she gasped.

Brent was staring at it absently.

"It seems like an awful lot, doesn't it?" he said. "Of course there's lots who are too young to marry, and there's lots who don't want to, but there must be an awful number who'd like to have and have never been married."

"Why on earth—?" began Jean, but he swept her aside.

"Then there are lots of them who really ought to be married, whether they want to or not."

Suddenly a light flashed within him, and before Jean's astonished eyes, Peter Mann came into his mind.

"Those women have the right to go out and select the men who really ought to be married, and to have a hand in their selection."

"Who not register all the marriageable men above a certain age and present the list to the responsible authority on request?"

He had risen and was flourishing the paper in one hand, emphasizing his remarks with a pen and expansive gestures which was peculiarly Peter's, but suddenly his roving eye fell upon Jean Joseph where she sat, wide-eyed, and he stopped short and sank down upon a stool, his hands on his forehead. "Now I've done it!" he said. "Phoase forgive me if I've annoyed you, but you see when I get an idea—"

Jean nodded her head. There was a boyishness about Brent which went straight to her heart.

"I think I understand," she told him; but he merely grinned.

"You—? I think me crazy?"

"No," she assured him, "I merely think you have been shown a great deal and you've learned to think things out loud."

He raised his head from his hands and looked at her with honest eyes.

"It isn't that I've been alone," he said. "It's only that I've been afraid of people. I can't tell on any thoughts somehow, except on paper. They either don't understand and pretend they do, or else they do understand and pretend they don't. Oh, I don't know why I'm getting you all this. It breaks off, suddenly, but you seem so sort of capable, somehow, and I've never seen so

many like you in all my life. Most of 'em are so sort of soft and—and fluffly that a fellow can't talk about anything but what he's seen and heard."

Jean Joseph leaned forward, her lips apart.

"Do you know," she said, "I think that is the nicest compliment I've ever had paid me in all my life!"

It was an hour later that she glanced down at the watch at her wrist and scrambled to her feet hurriedly.

"It's four o'clock," she said. "Did you dream it was so late?"

Brent Albany shook his head.

"It might be midnight," he assured her, "and I'd not know about it. I never have any idea of time. I think trying to get to places at a certain hour is the most awful thing I know."

Jean threw back her head and laughed a little ringing laugh.

"You—? you're perfectly delightful," she told him. "But anyway we're going to get somewhere at a certain hour this time, for I'm here to boss. If we don't leave we'll not find the way back in time for dinner, and like two children, they fuddled up in the wood path to the house."

It was when they were seated in the almost deserted car that Brent turned to her.

"See here," he said, "I don't want to be cheeky or anything, but don't you think—couldn't we have dinner somewhere? It seems as though I couldn't have Christmas dinner alone, and you said you didn't have anything to eat with—"

"I'd appeal in all his eyes and Jean answered the look squarely.

"I should love to have dinner with you," she said simply, and at that moment a little picture came into her mind of Byron de Vore waiting at her apartment, and she gave a little laugh.

"What is it?" asked Brent, but she only shook her head.

"Nothing," she told him. "I just happened to think of something, that's all."

Brent leaned toward her, a look of understanding in his eyes.

"Do you do that too?" he asked. "Laugh out at something funny you're just thought of, and then find everyone looking at you? It's an awful feeling, isn't it?"

"Yes," agreed Jean, "it is! and she smiled back happily at the friendliness of his glance.

It was not until the next day that she had really time to review the affair at her leisure.

They were taking "mob-stuff" on the lot and the freemason driver had dismissed her while he finished a hundred words—reflexes by brute force.

"Go 'way!" he had pleaded almost tearfully. "Emsen is coming. I—I— I—I get 't sweat!" and chucking to herself, she had gone.

Now in her dressing-room, with the shouts of the mob deadened by the closed door, she lay back on a chaise-longue, her hands clasped behind her curly hair, and reviewed the night before.

He had chosen a quiet place for dinner, the repeat had been made through, considering the nature of the event, but still the evening stood out even in her busy life.

It was the conversation, she decided in the end. Somebody Brent had been so different from the men she had known, so boyish, so whimsical, so full of admiration for her capabilities.

She had been sure that the whole evening had been one of fairy-tale. She had come out of it with a fresh feeling that life was good after all, and that the world contained much which was sweet and lovely, and that it was a wonderful privilege to view that world through his eyes.

"Why—I want to see more of him!" she told herself in astonishment. It was a feeling which she had never had before for any man.

He thought went back to the evening before, and she smoked a cigarette.

"He thinks I'm only a stenographer," she told herself happily. "I wonder what he'd be if he really knew!"

There was a knock at the door, and, answering it, she found the leasing man standing before her, his arms folded in a consciously masculine pose.

"I've come to tell you that you're going to dinner with me to-night," he said, matter-of-factly.

And looking at him with clear gray eyes, Jean answered with equal directness:

"I've got another engagement; thank you," and shut the door firmly.

She wanted to be alone with her thoughts. "He'll call up," she told herself. "I know he'll call up! I told him to," and she started at the tinkle of the 'phone answered her.

But it was only her dressmaker with three appointments for the eternal fitting of frocks, and she put down the receiver as most politely.

She had wanted a day to bear from Brent and as yet he had not called. He was to ask for Margaret Foster, she had told him, and the telephone-girl was directed that all calls for that name were to be referred to Miss Joseph in person. But still he had not called.

Word came that she was wanted in a scene and Jean, with a backward look at the 'phone, went out to throw herself into the arms of the leasing man, as specified by the script of the scenario.

As a matter of fact, it was three days before she heard from Brent. She had, in the meantime, been through the pangs of emotion from disappointment to intolerance and from indignation to wrath.

But the sound of voice set anger melting. After all, one could not be angry with Brent.

"I've got something to show you," he said eagerly. "I've been writing a letter for two days, because I knew if I saw you again it would put the whole thing out of my head. But now it's done, and ready for you to criticize. May I see you?"

"Of course!" she told him.

"How about dinner?" he asked.

"I'll see you somewhere," she said.

"Yes," said Jean. "We could," and arranged to meet him at the "Copper Kettle," a quaint little place, at a side street.

Where they were really to meet him. "Would—would you mind calling me up at six and reminding me?" asked Brent.

"I'd hate to keep you waiting, and I— I might get to writing and forget."

Chucking a little, she wrote down the number on her pad. Here was novelty at least. Later she called him and was from his preoccupation judged that he was deep in thought on her pad. Here was novelty at least. Later she called him and was from his preoccupation judged that he was deep in thought on her pad.

"Here you are!" he said, boyishly, springing to his feet. "I was so afraid I might be late, that I've been waiting twenty minutes."

Jean laughed happily. The welcome in her eyes was unmistakably genuine, and it gave her a feeling of impotence which was entirely new and strange.

Continued on page 49

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Your Spare Time
You Can Secure Attractive
Additions
For Your Home**



**Fancy Work
Silk**

Given for Two Subscriptions

No. 195. There is a kaleidoscopic assortment of bright colors, ever changing patterns, odd sizes and fanciful shapes to be had in this package of fancy-work silk. There are three sizes and uses so which this silk can be put. Quilt, soft-purses, sachets, bags, gift tags, doilies, doo-bies, toy-bottom, pillowcases, coverlets, hair-wash, hair-ribbons, and many other purposes are suggested by every



Tear-Drop Center

Given for Five Subscriptions

No. 1992. seldom do we find a center with so much beauty as this work so it is in this Tear-Drop Center. The design consists of simple and simple outlines, alternating, harmoniously attracts your attention.

The design is stamped on 36-inch white Bluetex Cloth and is prettily grouped and well balanced. The work is for solid and prints. The only variation of the regular methods of work is given by the shaded areas or low-cut work which is cut in a point toward the center from the larger side. These are finished in one size, and the width gradually diminishes to suit your satisfaction on the other side.



Another Tasteful Selection

A Pair Given for Eight Subscriptions
No. 1978. These pillowcases finish up about 20x35 inches each. The pattern for embroidery is designed on one end of special seamless Pillow-Finish. The use of these embroidered Pillowcases makes unnecessary to have pillow-stems. It takes but a little more time to work the design than it would to make the slips of ordinary goods, and the results are more satisfactory.

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THE AMERICAN WOMAN
Augusta, Maine



Ladies' and Misses' Dress

THE comfortable loose effect which makes this style of dress so attractive is the drawing feature of design No. 9072. The dress is very simple to make, for it consists of a two-piece skirt which is joined to an underskirt, and a blouse which slips on over the bust.

The ladies' and misses' dress-pattern, No. 9072, is cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years, and from 36 to 42 inches bust measure. With at lower edge of skirt is 1 1/2 yards. To make the dress in the 36-inch size will require 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, 1 yard of 36-inch lining, and 1 yard of 36-inch silk.

Ladies' and Misses' Shirtwaist

A NEW type of waist which has lately been designed is introduced in No. 9054. The closing extends from the left shoulder to the waistline and the buttons are set very close together. The collar is in the new style, with the ends forming the tie. The ladies' and misses' shirtwaist-pattern, No. 9054, is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure. To make the shirtwaist in the 36-inch size will require 2 yards of 36-inch goods, with 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting material, and 2 1/2 yards of edging.

Ladies' One-Piece Plaited Skirt

THIS skirt, No. 9083, is the new conservation design which is cleverly planned to use the smallest possible amount of material and still be comfortable and wearable. The large plaids which are so fashionable this season come in the 54-inch width and are well suited to a plain skirt.

The ladies' one-piece skirt-pattern, No. 9083, is cut in sizes from 26 to 32 inches waist measure. The width at lower edge is 1 1/2 yards. To make the skirt in the 26-inch size will require only 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material.

Ladies' and Misses' One-Piece Dress

THIS dress, No. 9068, is a special design which has been worked out by a clever

designer to cut from the least possible amount of material. The dress is all in one piece and slips on over the head. The diagram shows how the dress is cut to form kimono-sleeves and a yoke at the back which is buttoned.

The ladies' and misses' one-piece dress-pattern, No. 9068, is cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years, and from 36 to 40 inches bust measure. With at lower edge is 1 1/2 yards. To make the dress in the 36-inch size will require 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, and 2 1/2 yards of binding.

Girls' Dress

SEVERELY simple and in keeping with the military spirit of the day is this tailored dress, No. 9064, for a schoolgirl. It is an excellent style of dress to wear in the classroom when made up in dark-blue serge, with collars and cuffs of tan or white linen. The dress buttons from neck to hem, and may be stitched together at the waistline, or made up as a separate blouse and skirt. The Buster Brown collar with a soft silk tie is very girlish and attractive.

The girls' dress-pattern, No. 9064, is cut in sizes for from 8 to 14 years. To make the dress in the 8-year size will require 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, with 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting material.

Girls' Dress

THE pattern for this dress, No. 9062, is remarkably simple, for the entire skirt-section is cut in one with the front panel. There is a seam at center back, but as the top of the skirt is gathered quite full the seam is not noticeable. The dress buttons from neck to hem at center front, and the V-neck is finished by a broad collar of contrasting material.

The girls' dress-pattern, No. 9062, is cut in sizes for from 8 to 14 years. To make the dress in the 8-year size will require 3 1/2 yards of 37-inch or 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, with 3 1/2 yards of each ribbon.

**Pieces of Jewelry
That Are Sure To
Please You**



**Real - Shell
Cameo Brooch**

Given for Five Subscriptions

No. 1987. We consider ourselves most fortunate to be able to offer our friends this article: Real-Shell Cameo at such easy terms. The delicately carved, pink Cameo is set in one-carat-cut shell gold, which was surrounded by imitation pearls of a tiny size. The shell and only an expert could tell it from a costly real hand-carved Cameo just. The illustration shows the actual size.

By the character denotes good taste, as well as add that touch which gives class and distinction to one's appearance.



15-Inch Pearl Necklace

Given for Two Subscriptions

No. 1993. Uniform in shape and with the genuine, this pearl necklace is truly a gem. The pearls are of the finest quality, and possible to imitate so perfectly. There is no regularity of color, showing as there would be in displaying a string of originals.

**Duchess
Watch**

Given for Thirteen Subscriptions

No. 1994. We presented the famous 15-carat Ladies' Watch, which has the famous Case in Gold, composed of fine metal, by Green-Wind, and is a real gem.



Hand-Painted Waist-Pins

Given for Two Subscriptions



No. 1974. A woman has so many uses for waist pins as these. They are so handy for catching up gapes in a waist, fitting a bodice, or for any place where a small but attractive pin is required. Forget-me-nots are hand-painted on fillet gold. Each pair are included in our offer.

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START NOW

"That was a dreadful waste of time!" she declared. "The world may have lost a masterpiece just through me." Later, at a little table she looked across at him questioningly. "What have you brought to show?"

"A scenario. I've never done one before, you know, but after meeting you on the other day I got to thinking, and this is the result. I thought they might put it on at your studio."

He handed it over, blinking like a school-boy with his first poem, and Jean bent to read. The waitress came with her dinner, but she left it unattended and read on while Brent watched her face wistfully. After a time she laid down the paper and there were tears in her eyes.

"It's—it's lovely!" she said softly.

"It's true, isn't it?" he said eagerly. "I made the heroine support her mother and sister, you see, and fight up through the things she had to face in order to save them from want. That makes the fight better than if she only worked for herself, and in the end she wins not in spite of them, but because of them."

She turned away her head.

"It's a wonderful story," she said softly, "but I don't know—"

Her voice trailed into space.

"Do you think your studio would put it on?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"I'm afraid not. It isn't the type of thing Miss Jones always has. The manager wouldn't stand for her in that kind of a part."

"Miss Joselyn" she almost snatched the script from her hands "why has Miss Joselyn to do with it? That's my story. I wrote it for you. Do you think I'd let anybody else have the part?"

"I would be so glad to give you your chance!" Jean stared at him, and suddenly she saw the truth. To him she was a little stranger, nearer in a great studio, writing out her heart to be a star. And to help her he had the beautiful thought.

"I don't know how to thank you properly," she began, and choked.

"Don't!" she said earnestly. "Please don't. Just let me try what I can do. Perhaps if I talk to the head of the studio he'll let you try for the part anyway. I know if they'd only give you a chance you'd make good, you're so—so pretty and—and sweet."

Before Jean's eyes rose the picture of Brent Allbury, the unknown, trying to gain an interview with the sought-after head of her studio. His chances of gaining admission were slightly less than one to a million.

"Well, if you'd like to try," she conceded, as last, "but I'm afraid you couldn't even get him to talk with you. He's especially keen to see you, know?"

"Just leave that to me," said Brent, and she.

After that their talk turned to books and ranged from Dickens to a star and from Du Maurier to Maeterlinck and, quite naturally, it passed for an instant at Peter Mann.

"He's a loathe him," said Jean, positively. "He's the very sort of man I abominate. Do you know—" she leaned forward suddenly. "Do you know, he reminds me of Byron de Vere."

"Oh, no!" said Brent, feebly.

He had heard about the invincible Byron earlier in the evening.

"Yes," Jean nodded. "He's the villain type who wants to beat everything in his way. He'd like to drag a woman off by the hair. A sudden thought seemed to strike her. "I think he'd really like Jean Joselyn. His exactly the clinging type which would appeal to him."

She paused and gazed at Brent, who was regarding the atmosphere with dreamy eyes.

"What's the matter?" she asked and he shook his head.

"Nothing," he said, but the rest of the evening his conversation was pervaded by a sort of mental haze for behind a surface interest in events he was wondering. What would Peter think of Jean Joselyn?

Later that night he decided the question. It was after he had put Jean on the car. She had absolutely refused to be taken home and was once more in his hands. He smoked a thoughtful cigarette, staring out over the street. He had never seen Jean Jones, but he had heard a good deal—who hadn't? And after all she was merely the manifestation of a type. What would Peter think of her?

After a time he descended upon his typewriter, and, until late in the night, clicked the keys, and a week later the country learned what Peter Mann thought of Jean Joselyn.

Jean Joselyn Grows up

Continued from page 17

Jean, clipping in hand, faced Brent across the table.

"Didn't I tell you?" she inquired, triumphantly. "Didn't I tell you he'd like her? I knew the captain's ideal. The perfect thing for me to do was to get into it. I shall be glad to approve."

Across from her Brent squinted uncomfortably.

"I know," he said. "Mann would like her, of course, but personally I detest the type. Perhaps I'm a little whimsical, but his sense of humor got the best of him, perhaps it's because I haven't a single thing for one of 'em to cling to."

Across the table Jean scowled back at him.

"Never mind," she comforted. "We can't be Peter Mann's. And, by the way," she changed the subject abruptly. "Did you do anything about that scenario?"

"No," he shook his head. "Your manager is out of town."

"Yes," she smiled, a little relieved. "In New York."

"But I had to back next week," he assured her. "I intended to see him then."

"Not" she exclaimed. "Please don't bother. Give me the script. Perhaps I can take it to him myself. He—he's really quite nice to me. Don't come unless he sends for you."

Just as you say. You're the boss, you know. After by the way I've got to ask you something. Do—do you mind adding up some accounts? I've gotten all mixed up on my own account."

And for twenty minutes, Jean Joselyn, the moving-picture queen, wrestled with usually accurate figures.

"And now," she said, severely, "at the end of that time," now they're straight, and for goodness' sake, you may deposit something about the subject in your folder!" with which parting injunction she left him for her car.

Then a week later it happened. She had known something was coming. There are times when a woman, in the absence of some coming event casts a shadow before it and the whole day had gone wrong.

It began with a note from the director produced the script for her new play.

"I will not," it positively will not play the part of the heroine," she declared. "Aren't you ever going to let me grow up? I'll be twenty-three next month and it's high time I left this sweet-sixteen business to the children."

"The director looked about suspiciously for eavesdroppers."

"Don't!" he said, "please don't. You've got to stop telling people your age like that. Miss Joselyn. You know the public wants 'em young."

"But I can't keep on forever" wailed Jean. "I've got to grow up sometimes. I don't want the critics writing caustic things about preeminent youth! Now I've got a scenario here."

The director interrupted hurriedly.

"If you think this heroine is too young I'll make her a year or two older," he said, "or eighteen, or (persuasively) nineteen. Nineteen is as old as they'll stand for. Miss Joselyn, please, it's a matter of life or death."

"I don't care what they'll stand for!" said Jean. "I'm not going around in short skirts and curls any longer! Now I've got a scenario here."

"You know I don't pass on scenarios!" said the director, desperately. "You'll have to talk to the Nibs. If you'll pass her on to the general manager, lately returned from New York."

His Nibs listened to her tactfully. He had seen too many stars through the teething of temperament to be much impressed.

"If you don't like the part you don't have to play it, of course," he told her, "but I don't think you'd better grow up for a little while yet. You see you're quite charming as you are, and the public—"

Jean threw up her hands in despair.

"I don't care about the public!" she told him desperately. "I've dressed for it and worked for it five years now, and just once I'm going to be myself. My hair goes up and my skirts are going to be lengthened to-morrow."

She stood there in the doorway, her eyes blazing and her mouth set, a picture of defiance, and the general manager raised a deprecatory hand.

"Very well," he capitulated. "If you feel that way, so be it!—but before you do I've a story here which might interest you. Impressively he thumbed the typewriter copy on his desk. "It's a story which is probably one of the biggest catches of the year, and it fits you exactly. It's a plot written for you by Peter Mann, and the heroine is a dear little thing of sixteen."

An hour later Jean sat in her dressing-room, dejected. She had read the story and she thought that Peter Mann had written a part for Jean Joselyn which was all the public might wish. She had been so sure that her part as her shadow was stronger than herself and she would have to play that part.

But when she had read Byron de Vere was standing at her door.

"His Nibs is waiting for your answer about that Peter Mann script," he said. "There's a peach of a part for me, I'd've known, sometimes I think I'm an awful lot like that Peter Mann guy."

Warily Jean climbed the steps to the manager's office and crossed the threshold. There was a man standing beside him, but for an instant she did not raise her eyes and across the room came the voice of his Nibs.

"Jean Joselyn," he said. "I want you to meet Peter Mann."

It seemed to Jean that they would never be alone. That there would never be a chance to thrust out all that there was between them. His Nibs talked interminably of ways and means, he dragged them over the lot and introduced them to countless actors and directors, he even took them to the Nibs' office to see the manager. Jean the admiring gasp of the multitude. And over all the babel of congratulations and conversation came the voice of Peter Mann.

"He will think I'm laughing at him," she knew Brent, knew his shyness, his fear. And she knew Peter Mann's.

At last there was a little lull and Jean bent over for an instant.

"Can't you talk to me somewhere?" He nodded sadly. "There was a hurt in his eyes."

"If you wish," he said, and he turned to his Nibs.

"Mr. Mann and I went for the story," she told him. "Do you mind if we desert you?"

"I mind—but I resign you to a handsome Mr. Mann. He's a man with heavy gallantry, and he dropped them in Pasadena, at Jean's request."

They both blindly stepped into the little dinky and sought the green arrow. Somehow, Jean told herself, it was the only way to get away from Peter Mann.

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Gifts That Will

Child's Belcher Set Ruby

Given for Two Subscriptions

No. 1413. Extra value and quality is apparent in this popular style. Illustration does not display setting to advantage. Stone is richly colored and is true to original form. For also see a strip of paper so that the male will exactly meet when drawn slightly around the second side of the stone. Send this strip to us and we will send correct size.



Baby-Set 12K Gold Filled

Given for Six Subscriptions

No. 1293. Baby's heart will rejoice with this cute little jewel set. Every piece is 12k gold-filled. As good as gold and guaranteed for five years. We will replace each satisfaction. Each set comes plated to a vermeil base and consists of a Baby Neck-chain with Heart Medallion, a Band Ring, and two Baby Pins.



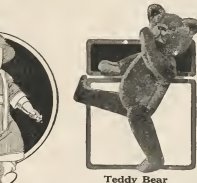
Please Little Folks

You can obtain these without cost

Baby Blossom, Art Character Doll

Given for Eight Subscriptions

No. 1567.—This doll is the sweetest creation in the popular Character Dolls. Every little girl who has ever cradled Blossom has been delighted. She is truly and lovably simple and unbreakable, you may bring her on a backward floor without doing any damage. Blossom is a curvaceous little infant, almost as tempting as she. She wears a handsome long baby dress of muslin with a fancy yoke. It is buttoned around the neck, yoke, sleeves and bottom. Baby also has long wavy tresses unfastened. The little fancy lace-trimmed muslin cap with the two bright blue bows is too cunning for words. Every little mother can make additional clothes as directed. Blossom's eyes are light blue, and her expression is bright and happy, and she has the little comforter in her mouth.



Teddy Bear

Given for Ten Subscriptions

No. 1568. Since the first Teddy Bear appeared in Toyland, his popularity has never been questioned. He is made of plush, sparkling eyes, attentive ears and smiling countenance. He can be placed in such natural positions as to appear alive. Press Teddy's back and squeak. Made of clean, silky plush, softly stuffed and sewed to withstand rough usage. He is 16 inches high.



Name or Initial Pin

Given for Two Subscriptions

No. 1529. This handsome pin is made of Liberty Silver, which is a combination of metals closely resembling Sterling Silver. The front being plated with 14-k gold. We will engrave three initials or a name on no more than ten letters. The engraving runs through the gold, showing the bright metal making a very handsome pin.



SPECIAL OFFER

Select the premium you most desire. Start at once to get your club of subscribers by the number of subscriptions required at our special Club-Rubbery price. We will send you the premium on this paper one year, and we will send you, prepaid, the premium of your choice. Send all orders to

**The American Woman
Augusta, Maine**

The American Woman Calendar

December 1, Sunday
Our Father never fails! To give His children strength; They need not bow to sinners. He brings and breathes and health. "I am with you and I will be with you." This is the promise true. That never on shadow's evening—Believed, meant for you.

December 2, Monday
You cannot run away from a weakness, you must sometime fight it out or perish, and if that loss you will not suffer, then you must win.

December 3, Tuesday
A husband is a breaking arrow the world aims at. And love of him is a war in the heart of man.

December 4, Wednesday
A force on earth is dawning, triumphant with us as we are.

December 5, Thursday
We will come the morning of victory for our cause.

December 6, Wednesday
The sun will shine after every storm, there is a sunrise for every gloom and the soul's highest duty is to be of good cheer.

December 5, Thursday
Give me to feel with kindness, Give me to act with courage, fair, Give me to bless. This is my prayer

December 6, Friday
"Keep out of the way of his mistakes, His follies and his sin go. Make no joyful, victorious and joyful as you are."

December 7, Saturday
"If I could do the kind of things—" To hold down my friend, you said And when you've fought the winning fight— "Gladly I'll do it and I'll do it." You can do what you will.

December 8, Sunday
For every soul there is a fault; For every soul there is a fault; For every soul there is a fault. This is the reply—straight from the heart of God.

December 9, Monday
When we do some of anger, discouragement and doubt. We and our hearts are surprised to see the crop of weeds they spread. For we do not care what things that bring forth of their kind.

December 10, Tuesday
Keep your mind young by fresh, vigorous thoughts, and your heart moist by cultivating a clean, optimistic opinion. And, if you think things persistently and expose a good, long, useful life.

December 11, Wednesday
When we're waiting for the sunshine why not cultivate the fire? With craft, homemade sunshine, just keep on being bright? For we can't complain when there's no light. We can't be bright for our pathway, and we leave that shine more for us.

December 12, Thursday
Judge by your appearance and conduct in the light and goodness in them, we are very apt to be clean, optimistic, and kind. Waking in the light that shines from within become positive, fraternal and true.

December 13, Friday
My life's free as I'd choose to be. Big! It is enormous and big! For his great big business was kept at all! It will be enormous and big!

December 14, Saturday
People never need grow old, no poor, if they live and give as fast as give and do not come to their. Ideal wealth is eyes—wealth—more and more. Give. If we give, our hearts will increase as they constantly refresh all along the banks and never run dry. We attract the best as we bestow.

December 15, Sunday
Treat you to love, and never think to four him. Fulfill your lovely the light of his white path. The trial is safe, his lamp is trimmed and burning. Hold you the password of his life: Name: God is here.

December 16, Monday
Youth is not a time of life. It is a state of mind, a temper of the will, it is the time of the soul. Youth is the deep springs of life. Nobody grows old by a number of years.

December 17, Tuesday
It is easy enough to take wrong roads. A ray of light from God's presence; Rep the task of life, as we lift it to us. To follow the course and come safe back.

December 18, Wednesday
One highest worth, both spiritual and physical, is made to do good, to do good to the end of the blessings within our reach.

December 19, Thursday
Plant lives and lives will bloom; The fruit of the seed you sow; Plant hate, and hate to life will spring; The fruit of the seed you sow.

December 20, Friday
There are some lives, some people in every one of us. If we would only arouse and make them count, we could do much good and happy. We can all be our own heroes, if we will.

December 21, Saturday
The big that is sweet is looking on death. To the big that is a practical way. For out of each purpose, life lives clearly. The ultimate splendor, the infinite ray.

December 22, Sunday
—Repeat to yourself this truth over and over: The spirit of divine love and wisdom now before us and past us, is the power of life. That which is best is seeing life, and God guides us into an experience, the power of life.

December 23, Monday
When you put on your clothes in the morning to see the sun, you are away. Your bloom and your power, your frown and your smile. You lose only the glad and the gay.

December 24, Tuesday
The sense of Christmas is to this: We can all be our best, we can make more than some shall have to suffer because we were born; and by patient continuance in well doing shall we receive the crown of life. It is to us to reason, "Glory to God, good will to men."

December 25, Wednesday
A song across the sunlight for the boy in khaki And a prayer above the waters for the palmer And a hymn for every mother from whose heart dawn Have gone to fight our battles and to save our Hurrah for blue and khaki, and God bless them when As they stand the scattered oceans, as they face the front-line fray!

December 26, Thursday
Instead of saying "I want," let us ask "What can I give?" What can I do today, this day, this month, to make somebody else happier? For as we give we get, in personal days measure—only the most give for the love of giving and without thought of reward.

December 27, Friday
Make the pills you have to take Out of something for the sake of something. That is the meaning of the word. May rebound the sunny hour of life's best and cheeriest days, And the love that sets us free.

December 28, Saturday
The joy of heart is the life of a man, and the fatherhood of a man proclaims his days.

December 29, Sunday
Pain there is, but no sorrow, they have vanquished as the day. For the morning, the shadows that take in the light of the day. Being all our eyes have passed away.

December 30, Monday
Your dream is not a dream—never forget that! Just a step, just around the turn, there awaits the glad, shining hope.

December 31, Tuesday
Hold fast this prophecy: The best is yet to be!

The Woman Who Won

Concluded from page 5

was streaming down her face—"I'm sure we must forget that I know her!" He was his wife-forgive that! "I must help him! I love him more than I love my friend." She had one of Mahoney's hands in hers. Her beautiful eyes were imploring him. "I've talked with men who were out there with him," she went on. "They told me such tales of his bravery that I could not let the men from police force or twice under fire—how he volunteered to carry a dispatch through a wood and got through, wounded in three places. Oh, how he cheered them all last winter in the trenches. kept up their spirits by his plucky jokes! I can't forget all that—I can't."

Mahoney said nothing, but the glimpse she had of his face must have reassured her, for she continued, pleadingly: "If we left him, he'd give up trying—he'd sink lower and lower! Oh, please, forgive him! Don't—don't let me have to tell you—You know! But—you're his best friend!"

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Earn one of these Premiums before Jan. 1, while our special Club-Raisers' price of 25 cents holds good—The American Woman, Augusta, Maine



Combination Fountain-Pen and Pencil

Given for Nine Subscriptions

No. 1920.—If you have yearned in vain for a satisfactory fountain-pen, here is the goal of your quest. Every pen you meet the existing type of daily general use, or it may be returned. The rubber contained in it comes from Parma, Brazil, the redskins being chosen from Russia, the 14K gold pen is made from gold procured from the U. S. government. A smooth writer, the ink flows smoothly to the last drop in the barrel. Filling is accomplished in the most satisfactory way by the dropper filler. To increase the usefulness of this superb writing-article, the end opposite the gold pen is equipped with a spreading lead-pencil. A few turns of the screw force the lead into writing position or return it to its protective sheath. Each pen is equipped with a safety clip to insure against loss and is marked in a box with directions, filler and exact size of leads.



School Days Pencil-Assortment

Given for Four Subscriptions

No. 1235.—Here is something to delight the children. The School Days box contains a splendid selection of articles most needed for the children, whether in school or at home. Each box contains:

- 3 Pencils with erasers and medium lead;
- 1 Sharpener
- 1 Arrow
- 1 Pencil
- 1 Combination Pen and Pencil
- 1 Cork-Handled Pencilholder
- 1 Disk Pencil-and-ink-Eraser
- 1 Metal Box of Pencil Leads
- 1 Pencil-Sharpening
- 1 Aluminum Binding-Cup



Eveready Flashlight

Given for Seven Subscriptions

No. 1791.—The wonderful efficiency and absolute safety of the Eveready Electric Light have established them as indispensable articles of family use. For freedom of use about the home at night, looking down dark stairs and halls, finding things in dark attics or closets, for the sick-room, and even providing oneself against burglars, the full Eveready Night Lighthouse or out in terse darkness, the flashlight. A simple process of the Edison instantly produces a clear, white, brilliant light on the very same system. The illustration shows the Compact 4-inch Eveready, equipped with a genuine Eveready Standard and latest long-life Tungsten battery. History is concerned against deception for five months when set on a service. New batteries may be obtained at all hardware and general stores, or will be sent by us free three subscriptions. With ordinary precautions, batteries be sure to give us the number 1791.



Ivory-White Manicure-Set

Given for Eight Subscriptions

No. 1926.—At a glance the illustration shows what a practical and useful set we have prepared. In addition to the 4-inch tray which holds all of the other articles there are a 3-inch buff, a box of nail-polish, a 6-inch flexible nail-and-a-nail-rubber bottom-hack. Each article, except where metal comes in, is made of clean, white, natural, polished, which is most desirable ivory. Each set is sent in an attractive, sturdy, hard board box. An admirable surprise and genuine satisfaction to be given for everyone who is fortunate enough to receive one.



Aberdeen-Crash Runner

Given for Five Subscriptions

No. 1910.—The moment you take this runner from its wrapper it reads the word "ready" for a portable floor for it requires no underlayment or padding. A floor pattern is stamped, steel-like, in red, green and brown on each end, while a metal fringe adds a finishing touch. It is 17x22 inches and is so portable you, Aberdeen Crash, a material that revolutionizes your house. It stands long wear and rough usage beside always looking fresh and clean.



36-Inch Measure

Given for Two Subscriptions

No. 1792.—Pull the ring and the measure unrolls from a rolled spring to which it is secured. When you release your hand the measure winds back into shape ready for the next roll to duty. Case is made of aluminum, beautifully enameled. Convenient, beautiful, inexpensive, needed, and a good gift for any needleworker.



Sailor-Boy Jack

Given for Five Subscriptions

No. 1923.—Jackie is anxious to join the real family. He hasn't told us his weight, but his expressive little face tells you of his desire more clearly than volumes.

What joy this little boy doll will bring to children, besides there's no better Mother's gift yet in Jackie's face the image of their own youngster. His large inquisitive blue eyes, cupid-bow lips and baby-pink cheeks are true to life.

Jackie had his sailor-cut on when he had his picture taken, but it can be slipped off and another put on if some little mother should wish to change it. The outfit itself is very becoming, with its white blouse and light-colored trimmings.

Like all true sailors, Jackie has size lives and will stand many hard knocks and dangers which would soon destroy an "old" ordinary doll. Jackie is practically indestructible.

All his limbs are jointed. When standing he is 12 inches high. His weight is eleven ounces. He is reaching out his arms to you. Let us send him.



Premo Junior

Given for Eleven Subscriptions

No. 1925.—The box type possesses features which are not called camera of this character. It takes the fine-plate camera, built in daylight, and simple exposures may be projected at any time for the purpose of re-seeing. One leaf, drop into back in daylight. The back and camera is loaded in the dark. An automatic shutter, the time of exposure, and two windows. Take a clear sharp picture 2 1/2x3 1/2 inches.



5-Piece Toilet-Set

Given for Ten Subscriptions

No. 1736.—In this convenient set are included: A famous "Keepon" Hair-Brush, Shampoos, Soap, and Cream of Glycerine, Best Toilet—Toilet-Cream, Shampoos, Skin-Lotion, and Florida Water. Handful, and all parts where metal is met required, are made of Florence White Ivory, a composition closely resembling genuine ivory. It is clean, white, washable, and durable. All are carefully packed in an attractive box.

Mahogany-Finish Candelsticks

A Pair Given for Six Subscriptions

No. 1925.—In the revival of antique, the candelstick has been renewed to be piece of former usefulness and is now on prepared ornament in nearly every home. Simple and graceful lines give it the air of a quiet dignity and refinement not often found. Made of mahogany and stained to a deep mahogany tone. About 6 inches high. Polished bottom. Brass ferrule to hold candles in socket.

Ladies' Patriotic Pin

Given for Two Subscriptions

No. 1926.—Here is a little pin which will appeal to all our women readers. It is in the form of a circle surrounding a star, the outer edge being made of blue and red and Sapphire, making the colors of our flag. No White and Blue, in a setting of gold-filled stock.

 January The GARNET Symbol of Power	 April The DIAMOND Symbol of Purity	 June The AGATE Symbol of Health and Long Life	 July The RUBY Symbol of Charity	 August The SARDONYX Symbol of Happiness	 October The OPAL Symbol of Hope
 February The AMETHYST Symbol of Pure Love	 May The EMERALD Symbol of Innocence	Gold Filled Birthstone-Rings Premium No. 1661 Any Ring Given for Two Subscriptions		 September The SAPPHIRE Symbol of Contract	 November The TOPAZ Symbol of Friendship
 March The BLOODSTONE Symbol of Courage	 November The TURQUOISE Symbol of Prosperity	<p>No. 1466.—In what month were you born? Each month of the year has its gem, or jewel, and it is considered both fashionable and proper to wear the stone indicative of one's birthmonth. Our terms since a beautiful ring within everyone's reach. Each ring is as near a perfect representation of the gemstone as science and skill can make it. So true to nature are they that even one on expert can detect a difference. They hold their color indefinitely and are not easily scratched or discolored. Each ring is firmly mounted in the governmentally popular "Gypsy" setting. The ring itself is warranted 12K Gold Filled and is guaranteed to wear for three years. Each ring is sent in our special premium presentation box, with gift certificate and ring. It is ordering, use the ring-size at the foot of this page. Your ring will then be sure to fit. Each ring is accompanied by the proper birthmonth verse telling the significance of the stone.</p>			

SPECIAL OFFER

Select the gift that you would most like to have and send us the required number of your subscriptions to The American Woman at our special Club-Raisers' price of 25 cents each, we will send each one of you a beautiful ring, year after year, until you have secured the premium of your choice. Order by name and number.

The American Woman
Augusta, Maine



Join



Make this a Red Cross Christmas

AMERICA'S second war-time Christmas is almost here. Our thoughts, our interests, our hearts are not in the trivial things now—they are with the boys in France, and our war-tried Allies.

Their thoughts, their interests, their hopes are in the Red Cross and the knowledge that it is ever present and ready to lend them aid most needed.

Let our Christmas message to those loved ones be that we

stand solidly behind the American Red Cross—that there is full membership in every American home. No other word we can send will give them greater encouragement, or fortitude for that which must be accomplished.



All you need is a heart and a dollar

Red Cross Christmas Roll Call, December 16-23



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